


World's News

AUGUST 12, 1950

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- GENTLEMAN BUSHRANGER
 - G-MEN UNDER A CLOUD
 - SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE
 - TEEN-AGE DRUG ADDICTS
 - CRIME • FICTION • SCIENCE

Virginia Smith

Murder in The Rickshaw

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JUNGLE GREEN, BRAND NEW
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Bivore Blades. 5/6
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Bivore Blades. 12/-
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Worth 10/- each.
ONLY 3/
JAR
GLASSWARE. For Postage and
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This world-renowned WHIT-
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10-ton capacity of 3/4 to 2in.
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5-TON 37/6

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38in. chest,
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19/6 (Post
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Interstate 1/9.
BRAND NEW.
These tough and
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American Ser-
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were originally
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60,000 prs.

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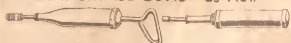
Superb quality boots . . . high grade leather uppers. 4in.
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As these Boots are well fitting, we recommend user of size 7
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GREASE High Pressure or Cup Soft Grease, in Perfect
Condition, as used by Royal Navy for Trucks
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Almost Double?

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LONG HANDLE
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39/6 F.O.R.
SYDNEY.

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EX-ARMY. BRAND NEW.
In Strong White
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In Strong Blue Cotton Drill
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Brand New. ONLY
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RUBBER GLOVES

ACID RESISTING
ELBOW LENGTH. 7/-
BRAND NEW. Pair
POST 6d.

2 in 1 HAND TRUCK



Only
92/6
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With Front Swivel
Wheels and Draw Bar.



SNATCH BLOCKS

4in. 16/6
5in. 18/6
6in. 21/6

SHEAF DRAWN STEEL
BLOCKS. £15/5-
5in. Double £110/-

6in. Treble
From 4in. to 10in. of above
in stock. All F.O.R. Sydney.

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(Khaki)
ALL SIZES. BRAND NEW.
(Post 1/- N.S.W.) 16/6
Interstate 2/-.

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With Loose Collars.
BRAND NEW.

These shirts have plain front
without pockets and the collar
is a slightly darker shade than
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Price
Size, Neck: 17, 17 1/2, only
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Good Material. 3/9
Post Free. 32 x 24.
Interstate 6d.

OVERCOATS, Khaki

AS NEW.

These Coats have been dry-
cleaned and are in new condi-
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small M.S. and Men's. 5ft. 7in.
38 chest. 37/6

(Post 2/-, Inter. 3/6.)

APRONS—White Cotton

Cooks, Carpenters, Pastry Cooks.
2 Pockets. Post Free, Interstate
6d. 5/-

SPORTS BOOTS



Canvas upper,
reinforced welt,
toe, and heel
caps. Fitted
with cushioned
crepe rubber
sole and heel.
Colors: Blue,
White and
Brown Canvas.

Sizes: 4 to 10. 12/9
Per Pair
N.S.W. 1/-, Interstate 1/6.

TOWELS — Brand New
These towels are thickly woven
and are most absorbent. Size,
36in. x 24in.

Colors: Blue, Gold and Green
Only. each 6/-
Post 6d., Interstate 1/-.

HAMMOCKS

LAUNDERED, BUT AS NEW
CONDITION.

WITH HANGING ROPES.
POST 1/6.
INTERSTATE 2/6. 15/-

SIGN-KITS (New)

Each contains 50 new 2 1/2 in long
x 9in. wide Cream Painted
BLACK METAL SIGNS. 1 pint
Black Signwriter's Paint, 1 Paint
Brush, 3lb. Nails, Hammer, and
packed in 30in. x 12in. x 4in.
box, with Lock. 25/- F.O.R. This
line should prove most useful
to Municipal and Shire Councils.

COTTON ROPE

1 1/2 in, 1 1/4 in. Circumference
Hanks, 4/6 lb. Cut, 5/- lb.
POST 9d. N.S.W., Interstate 1/3.

Large Web PACKS

new 12/6

Interstate 1/-,
Good used 7/-, post
free, 16 x 15in.
Complete with
shoulder straps.



COULTER'S SURPLUS DISPOSALS

Dept. W.N., 32 Regent St., Sydney (100yds from George St.)

COMPARE OUR
LOWER PRICES



G-men

are under a cloud

The F.B.I. must work hard to win back its reputation following failure to catch bandits.

FROM OUR NEW YORK OFFICE

AMERICA'S much-publicised Federal Bureau of Investigation is under a cloud.

Failure of the G-men to bring in the gang of seven men who held up Brink's in Boston on January 17 and got away with \$440,000 in cash and \$220,000 in cheques has made them the target for strong criticism.

All this comes on top of politicians' condemnation of FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover for his agent's telephone-tapping activities in the Coplon-Gubitchev spy inquiry.

Telephone-tapping is expressly forbidden by US Federal law, but Hoover maintained that breaking of the law was justified by national security.

Quick capture of the Brink's hold-up gang would undoubtedly have raised the prestige of the FBI to the level it reached when it smashed the kidnapping racket of the early 30's.

The hold-up at Brink's Incorporated in Prince Street, Boston, on Tuesday night, January 17 last, was the second biggest cash robbery in the history of the USA.

America's biggest cash robbery was in 1935, when \$669,000 was stolen from a bank messenger in New York.

Brink's, a nation-wide organisation which handles some \$111,000,000,000 a year, collects money from banks in its armored cars, takes it to its offices and makes up payrolls on behalf of big employers.

For months, the FBI, with ace inspector Myron Gurnea, from Washington, in charge, and thousands of State police have searched in vain for the bandits.

An admission that police haven't a clue to the bandits came a couple of weeks ago in the form of an appeal by Massachusetts Attorney-General Francis Kelly for the services of an informer.

He dangled before a prospective informer the offer of a reward of \$66,000 — \$44,000 from Brink's and \$22,000 from the Commercial Union Assurance Company, which, with its reinsurers, was hit hardest by the hold-up.

The Brink's robbery is the sternest challenge to the "we get our man" reputation of the FBI since callous killer and bank robber John Dillinger went on a rampage that ended with his death on July 22, 1934.

Inspector Gurnea was on the job at Brink's right from the start because Federal money was stolen—a \$30,000 payroll for the Boston navy yard.

There were seven men in the Brink's hold-up. As the men let themselves into the back door of Brink's armored car garage with a

James Allen and the guard Smith.

The other bandits went over to the bags of money, which were lying about the floor like sacks of groceries.

Everything was going smoothly for the robbers when a buzzer sounded at a door giving access to the vault from the armored car garage.

The interruption caused the robbers to speed their departure. There was nearly \$1,000,000 in the strongroom, but the raiders could carry only 15 bags between them.



Head cashier Thomas Lloyd describing the robbery to police.

key about 7 pm on January 17 any casual observer would have accepted them as employees.

It is assumed that the efficient robbers had obtained keys to the doors, but, as a detective pointed out, the locks wouldn't have stopped a cracksmen more than 10 seconds.

Before they reached the strongroom the bandits pulled rubber masks over their faces and made sure they had the cords ready to tie up their victims.

The bandits must have known the routine of duties in the strongroom, for they picked a Tuesday night, when the guard in a bullet-proof turret commanding the entrance to the strongroom was off duty.

On Thursday nights, when the strongroom holds about \$4,500,000 for Boston firm's Friday payrolls, there is a big corps of cashiers on duty making up pays, and the guard is in his bullet-proof turret. ●



A Gentleman

By OXLEY BATMAN

LIEUTENANT CHRISTIE of the mounted police felt he had a grievance against his superiors.

They had sent him to Goulburn with orders to arrest Jacky-Jacky, the gentleman bushranger, but allowed him only stock police horses.

Three times his toiling troopers had sighted the bushranger. Each time Jacky-Jacky, mounted on the fastest racehorse he could steal from the Macarthurs or their squatter friends, had waved his hand airily and galloped away.

To make Christie's job harder, Jacky-Jacky had friends throughout the Goulburn district. He knew in advance every move the police made, raided the roads and townships they left unprotected.

Lieutenant Christie's cup of bitterness was full when he learned from an excited convict stockrider one morning in 1841, that all his months of work had been wasted.

The village clergyman of Bungendore had arrested Jacky-Jacky at musket point. As Jacky-Jacky explained later, his horse was lame after a long chase and his only musket was out of order.

In any case William Westwood, known through the Goulburn district as Jacky-Jacky, was far too polite to fire at a clergyman.

Westwood is unique among Australian bushrangers. Throughout his brief but spectacular career he shot no-one, did no more harm than relieving the citizens of their cash or horses.

He always apologised to his victims and was scrupulously polite to women.

Westwood had received a good education in Kent before he was transported at 16 for some trivial offence. He worked as an assigned convict servant for three years until he met a noted bushranger named Paddy Curran. With Curran he stuck up his employer's house and took to the bush.

The partnership did not last long. When Curran molested the wife of a farmer they were robbing, the furious Jacky-Jacky drew a pistol and threatened to shoot him.

He stripped Curran of his horse and weapons and forced him to leave the farm on foot. Jacky-Jacky apologised to the farmer's wife and returned her all the goods they had stolen.

In a few months the polite highwayman had become a legend. In later years old hands sang ballads about his exploits, told incredible stories of his daring in stealing racehorses and invented impossible riding feats.

But his actual tally was impressive enough — three mail coaches, a dozen valuable horses, half-a-dozen country stores and scores of stray travellers. Lieutenant Christie was glad he could send a trooper galloping to Goulburn with the news that Jacky-Jacky had been captured.

When Christie reached Bungendore he learned that Jacky-Jacky had already escaped from two armed men, but had been captured again. He mounted the bushranger in the midst of his troopers and set off for the nearest gaol.

Passing through the Bargo Brush Jacky-Jacky jumped from his horse and ran through the bush on foot. The troopers chased him for a mile before they rounded him up again.

This time Christie tied Jacky-Jacky on his horse and got him safely to Bargo lock-up. But in the morning Jacky-Jacky was gone. So was the lock-up keeper's horse and musket.

A few hours later he held up Mr. Francis Macarthur on the Berrima Road, apologised and exchanged the horse he was riding for one of Macarthur's carriage horses.

Lieutenant Christie returned to his weary patrolling after the elusive Jacky-Jacky. But he never sighted the bushranger again. Jacky-

Jacky daringly visited Sydney, enjoyed himself in the capital for three days and stole the best horse he could find.

It was a woman who captured him the second time.

To Mary Gray, daughter of the licensee of the Black Horse Inn near Berrima, there was something odd about the young man who rode up to the inn one morning, ordered a meal and threw himself on a sofa.

His clothes were too good, his thoroughbred mare too valuable for a casual traveller. When she came back with a drink the good-looking young man was asleep on the sofa. Taking a risk, Mary threw herself on top of him and screamed for help.

With any other bushranger, she might have been killed, but Jacky-Jacky would not fight a woman. Mary's mother and father joined her and a convict carpenter named Waters hit him on the head with a shingling hammer.

Jacky-Jacky was bundled off to Sydney and a delighted Government finally lodged him in Darlinghurst Gaol. After an attempted escape he was transferred to Cockatoo Island, which was supposed to be escape-proof. But Jacky-Jacky and 25 other men overpowered a warder and were swimming sturdily for Balmain when the water police-boat recaptured them.

The authorities decided that Port Arthur was the only safe place for Jacky-Jacky. He was chained with other convicts to a cable in the ship's hold but managed to break his fetters. The ship's crew closed down the hatches just in time and kept them closed until they reached port and delivered their weak, starving cargo.

Port Arthur's only route to the mainland was across a narrow neck of land guarded by troops and savage dogs. But Jacky-Jacky escaped and resumed bushranging.

He was caught again, escaped again and was finally run down in Hobart. This time he was sentenced to death, later commuted to life at Norfolk Island.

Norfolk Island was the harshest, toughest prison establishment in Australia. Only convicts with long records were sent there and the garrison lived in constant fear of a convict uprising.

The convicts were treated with brutal discipline, half-starved, tortured, subject to petty and major tyranny. The authorities deliberately set out to break the convicts' spirits, keep them cowed and amenable to discipline.

To end the misery of their lives, convicts often committed unprovoked murders. Hanging was better than life on Norfolk Island.

The broken prisoners invented the

THE BAD OLD DAYS

to the last

macabre Norfolk Island lottery. Two friends would draw straws. The loser would kill his friend. The killer would be hanged. Both escaped from their misery.

In this bitter environment, something happened to the debonaire soul of William Westwood. As a bushranger he was a marked man, singled out for discipline.

When the convicts mutinied over a change in their food ration, Westwood took the leadership. He sprang on a box and addressed the convicts: "I've made up my mind to bear this oppression no longer. Remember, I'm going to the gallows. If any man funks it, let him stand aside. Those who will follow me, come on!"

He led a rush towards the nearest guard and knocked him down with a stick. The brutal convicts behind him hacked and smashed the body to ribbons.

Westwood ran to the next official, and knocked him down. The official

pleaded for his life and cried out: "Remember my wife and children!" "Damn your wife and children!" cried Westwood. This was a different man to the gay Jacky-Jacky.

Westwood smashed in the door of a hut and killed two officials with an axe. He stood outside the door, calmly smoking his pipe, while his followers battered the officials' bodies.

The horde of convicts were marching towards the home of the island magistrate when they met the troops. At the sight of fixed bayonets they gave ground, allowed themselves to be rounded up one by one.

Westwood and 12 other men were hanged on October 13, 1846.

In a remarkable letter to a clergyman who had befriended him in Tasmania, Westwood explained something of the change in his character.

"I welcome death as a friend —

the world, or what I've seen of it, has no allurements for me.

"Before I knew the responsibility of life I had forfeited my birthright

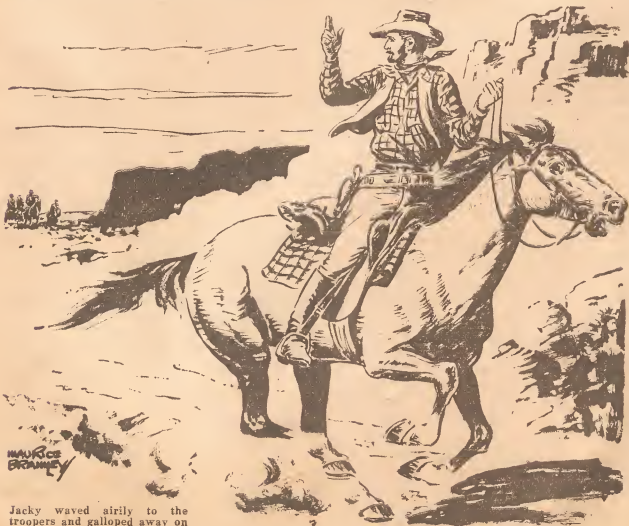
... I became a slave and was sent from all that was dear to me—and that for a trifling offence.

"Since then I have been treated more like a beast than a man, until I could bear no more—driven to desperation by the oppression and tyranny of those whose duty it was to prevent us being treated thus.

"I only took life—those I killed inflicted living death ... for years they tortured men's minds and as well as their bodies ... this place is worse than I can describe ... the men are half-starved, hard-worked and cruelly flogged ..."

His last action before he died was to write to the authorities explaining that four men sentenced to die with him had taken no part in the mutiny.

William Westwood was a gentleman to the last. ●



Jacky waved sirily to the troopers and galloped away on a fresh, fast horse.

By N. B. RUDD

Every morning he heard the hiss of the guillotine knife and saw the stacks of short coffins and pools of blood...

Shadow of the Guillotine

Nazis' slave-laborers behind barbed wire.

At exercise in the Nazi prison yard, Britisher, Hugh Olof de Wet, 28, picked up four inches of hacksaw blade and a plan for escape was already forming in his mind.

The discovery meant release from torture and perhaps madness or death to the young spy in the service of the French Deuxieme Bureau. He had been arrested by German counter espionage men while spying on military installations.

De Wet had worked to a clever plan which had outwitted the Germans for nearly a year. He collected photographs of documents dealing with German fortifications and sewed them in cushions similar to those on the Budapest-Paris express. De Wet would travel a short distance in the train, substitute cushions, then leave.

Using a special code he would then send French colleagues the apartment number of the carriage. Using this system he smuggled several valuable plans from Germany until a man he had trusted betrayed him to the Gestapo.

He was arrested. Gestapo men stubbed cigarettes on his hands, broke his finger joints and skillfully tapped a rubber mallet on the nape of his neck to make him talk. It was two years before his trial, and in that time he was moved from gaol to gaol. He staged hunger strikes to obstruct his removal but was immediately placed in a lunatic asylum.

De Wet eked out an existence and to keep his mind alert tried to achieve the impossible. His cell mate was having a birthday and for something to do de Wet promised him a feast of roast pigeon and rum. His friend said it seemed impossible; but de Wet tamed a pigeon to eat out of a noose formed by his thumb and forefinger. He caught the pigeon, cut it up and cooked it with lighted paper.



The rum he traded for a pair of trousers with the prison guard.

Soon after he found the hacksaw blade. Every night he drew the blade gently across the bar so as not to disturb the prison guard. Patiently he sawed three thousand strokes each night, no more or less. He filled the cut in the bar with bread kneaded into paste and darkened. A few weeks and he was through.

Using strips of looped sheet he hauled himself to the roof, then slipped down the earth wire of the lightning conductor to the ground.

Fellow prisoners had told of a rat-infested underground river that was a refuge for the desperate. In this de Wet found kindly apaches who fitted him with peasant clothes, plugged his nose with candle wax to alter the contour of his face. They stained his face with sunbronze and helped him finalise his desperate plan to swim down the Danube to the Bosphorus.

But his plan, close to fulfillment, was upset when worn out by swimming, he chanced a night in a haystack and woke up next morning surrounded by farm workers. They had mistaken him for a poultry thief and handed him over to the police. De Wet was chained wrist and ankle, transferred to

Berlin for the trial and placed in a cellar with 500 other prisoners. One night a Nazi guard sprayed the cellar with machine-gun bullets, but de Wet was unharmed.

It seemed de Wet's charmed life was to end when the German People's Court condemned him to death. Gaoled in the Death Corridor of the dreaded Plötzensee prison, given food only every other day and

manacled, he learnt how to slip his hands free of the fetters and to control his racing thoughts as the death guards tramped down the corridor with victims for the guillotine.

Every evening he heard the guards coming to collect the new day's victims. Footsteps marched nearer and nearer and the crash of the next door bolts often sounded like his own. Every morning he heard the hiss of the guillotine and saw the short coffins and pools of blood.

Determined to kill himself he stood on the stone slab used for a bed, smashed a window into small pieces and chewed up the splinters—but nothing happened.

Nearly four years he waited under sentence of death. He had to fight insanity and learned to tame flies for company. He would sit with his tamed flies and feel their gentle caresses as they climbed over his body. Each evening he attached a

shred of black ribbon to his prison rags, and he was dressed for dinner—a small crust.

Eventually, the RAF bombed the prison and because no accommodation was left in the wrecked cells, 180 prisoners were hanged that night. But de Wet was drafted to another prison for execution of his sentence. At this

prison camp he came close to death.

He was put in a sentry box cell by the execution squad, told to strip and don a paper shirt. The guards came soon after and took out the doomed in rapid succession. De Wet's door opened—"Dress," said the guard. "Have no fear. Only a try out."

In 1945 the prison gates were opened by the Americans and freedom came at last to Hugh de Wet.



Nazi torture demonstrated

POLICE arrested Ailsa when she arrived home from school. They charged her with being a drug addict and for peddling drugs to her school friends. Ailsa was fourteen.

She is one of the 25 per cent of American teenage drug addicts who daily fall for the temptation of drugs which give them half an hour's happiness in return for a craving and vicious hangover which, in time, will make them take stronger and stronger drugs for relief.

In Australia no teenage addicts have been arrested. So far as is known, few have been tempted. But recent arrests of drug smugglers indicate they might be.

In recent years police have broken up several sex-drug orgies in Sydney, though teenagers were not involved.

Customs men pull no punches in their campaign against colored American seamen, who they say, are trying to create a market in Australia. The seamen know they will have a permanent market here if marihuana is introduced to teenagers.

What has happened to American teenage boys and girls could happen here if they do establish a market.

Commenting on growing teenage narcotic addiction, Illinois University vice-president, Dr. Andrew Ivy, revealed the method relentless dope peddlers use on boys and girls.

Well-financed dope rings have set up special dens—pad joints—where high school boys and girls are introduced to marihuana.

Windows and doors of the "pad joints" are tightly sealed to prevent marihuana fumes seeping out. After three free doses the peddlers have teenagers in their grip. They are regarded as prospective customers.

Sergeant John Mangin, of the Chicago Narcotic Squad, agreed with Dr. Ivy, outlined the case of a 17-year-old youth caught practising the ritual of spoon, capsule, powder and flame with a group of his friends.

The boy's story is similar to many others. He began by smoking marihuana at a party, turned to heroin sniffing, then became a "mainliner"—an addict injecting the heroin mixture directly into his veins with a hypodermic needle. This is extreme addiction.

The boy's confession implicated 30 of his friends, revealed that several teenage girls had resorted to prostitution for funds to satisfy their narcotic craving.

The sergeant said the gang had been on drugs for seven months.

The American teenagers' views on smoking marihuana are reflected in the statement of a 16-year-old high school girl. She told police defiantly: "This

By LYALL MOORE

WE DON'T WANT TEENAGE DRUG ADDICTS HERE

They don't mean to become addicts, but marihuana is stronger than will-power.

stuff doesn't hurt me. I have been to the library and know all about it. Anyway, all you can give me is 90 days in gaol."

Ten detectives, including two women, have been assigned to special duties in New York to try to cut down the number of corrupted juveniles.

The Bureau says there has been a 10 per cent increase in the use of dope—cocaine, heroin, hashish—in New York since the war's end.

Teenagers are only part of police worries. Adults are more dangerous. They will murder to get money for drugs, the craving is so strong.

On February 19, this year, Scotland Yard issued a statement that England's estimated 4000 drug slaves are increasing.

Latest figures show America has 100,000 narcotic addicts, found in every strata of society, from the Smart Set, where barbiturates are passed around after dinner, to pathetic wrecks who are found daily in the gutters.

Germany has, it is estimated, 15,000 drug addicts, one in every 4400 of population.

Australia has fewer; but all the temptations. It is claimed marihuana reefers can be bought in at least three Sydney nightclubs for a guinea each.

They can't be bought openly from the manager, of course, but police confirm that individuals in the nightclubs sell them.

The stories of addicts dragged from respectability to wrecks because of two or three foolish slips are tragic.

English dance band leader Billy Kaye was re-



A Borgia ring designed to carry drugs

cently sentenced to 12 months for possessing hashish. He told the court hashish improved his playing of hot rhythm.

An 80-year-old Chinese, Lee Way, of Dixon Street, Sydney, told the Special Federal Court that he had to smoke opium to keep alive. He had been smoking it for 30 years.

Beautiful Negro singer Billie Holiday, with the famous strut and who "sings like her feet hurt," has ruined her career for the second time with narcotics. Tall, curvaceous Billie began "kicking the gong" around to get that extra lift from life.

Police raided her hotel suite one night and found a cocaine party in full swing. Billy was arrested in New York after fleeing in a high-powered car. She got 10 months.

Billie came out a different girl, said she was off drugs. In April, 1949, police raided Miss Holiday's suite again and found a supply of opium and equipment to smoke it.

She will be lucky to get another licence to sing in the smoky gin mills where she made her name and money.

Robert Mitchum's big slip is well known. He was a thrill seeker: his friends Vicki Evenas and Lila Leeds have been in trouble again.

American band leader Gene Krupa, a "hot" drum merchant, was arrested several years ago on a sex drug charge. He swore off it. Recently three members of his band were arrested in their hotel rooms with teenage girls and a supply of cocaine.

Thousands of other stories will never be told. They are more tragic, the victims have no money to buy their drugs, go crazy with craving.

American authorities may now, in desperation, legalise the marihuana market in an effort to control it.

It must never be allowed to get a hold here. ■



The fragile opium poppy.



The rickshaw boy dragged the woman's body across the field to a ditch behind a bush.



MURDER IN THE RICKSHAW

When a poor rickshaw boy started behaving like a mandarin's son, the police became suspicious.

By JAMES HOLLEDGE

THE place is a dark, deserted road in Nanking, China. The time is dusk on October 14, 1935. The scene opens with a white woman traveling home from work in a rickshaw.

Suddenly the padding feet in front of her slow down and stop. A Chinese voice mumbles something about fixing a light, and a shadowy form moves around to the rear of the vehicle.

As the girl peers about apprehensively in the gloom, a pair of massive hands reach out and fasten around her throat. Strong and hard from continuous hauling of the rickshaw,

they give her no opportunity of crying out.

Methodically they tighten as she feebly struggles for breath before finally becoming still. Their owner has extinguished a young and useful life with no more emotion than we would snuff out a candle.

The inert body is then lifted out, carried and dragged across a field at the side of the road and dumped in a ditch. Back to his rickshaw the killer hurries, looking around to see no one is watching.

From the floor he picks up the woman's dropped handbag, the

motive for which he has just murdered. Avidly he opens it and looks inside.

Then, with a satisfied smile on his face, he enters the shafts and pulls his little Oriental taxi-cab away into the night.

Early the next morning a coolie named Lee Fong was hurrying along the road to work when his sharp eyes picked out what appeared to be a bundle of clothing lying in a shallow ditch on the other side of the field.

Sensing a windfall, he left the road and picked his way over the



rough ground to his find. Immediately he saw what it was, he turned back and imperturbably continued on his way.

It was not long, however, before he was back with the local police, who verified his story and then quickly summoned detectives, medical officers and photographers from the central office of the Nanking Gendarmerie.

The murder of a foreigner in China is a particularly serious matter because of possible international repercussion. It is always handled very delicately and only by the most senior and experienced officers.

Ling Po-Chung was the detective detailed to take charge, and he was soon at the scene of the discovery. There was not much evidence there to help him.

It was apparent that the body had been partly dragged across the field from the road, but that was the only sign the killer left.

There was nothing to show where the murder had been done or for what reason, so Ling had to wait and see what would turn up after the body had been identified.

That was no problem. It was soon ascertained that the woman was an American doctor, who had come to China several years before to join in the fight against pestilence and disease. Ever since her college days in California, Susan Waddell had been resolved to devote her life to the Chinese people.

Full of the zeal of self-sacrifice, she had joined the staff of the Shantung University. There she toiled to pass on her medical knowledge so that the students could go back to their provinces equipped to aid their suffering fellows.

One of her most brilliant pupils had been a young man named Hsu Shih-Chu whom, after his graduation, she married.

Together they returned to his home in Nanking. Dr. Hsu went to work for the Central Health Administration, and Susan resumed her teaching career, both in the local nursing school and university.

Ling Po-Chung's inquiries revealed that, united by common interests, the couple had overcome barriers of race and age and were extremely happy.

It seemed unlikely that the husband, educated and very much in love, would have any reason for strangling his wife, but to the detective he was the logical starting point of the investigation.

"Can you tell me your wife's movements yesterday?" he asked the doctor, who, like all Chinese, masked his emotions and appeared quite calm and unaffected by the tragedy.

"Certainly," was the answer. "Susan and I met for lunch and then both returned to our respective work. That was the last time I saw her alive. Something must have happened on her way home at six o'clock."

"May I ask where you were around that time last night?" Ling courteously asked.

"I left the Health Administration Building at six exactly, and walked part of the way home with a friend. It was about 6.30 when I got here,

had not yet arrived. After an hour or so I got alarmed and started telephoning friends. I later informed the police and spent most of the night searching for her."

Dr. Hsu's statements were checked and found correct. Witnesses were able to verify his movements for practically every minute up to date. His servants were similarly exonerated.

At the university, Detective Ling found that Susan had left at 5.30, but no one had noticed where she went after she stepped out of the building. She might have set off on foot, taken a rickshaw, or even been picked up by a friend in a car; but there were no actual witnesses.

Mrs. Hsu had lived an absolutely blameless personal life; she had no enemies among the white population, and it seemed that all the Chinese she knew adored her.

Ling reasoned, therefore, that he must look elsewhere for a motive. In a poverty-stricken land such as China, robbery is the cause of nine out of every ten murders. It was most likely greed that had prompted this killing.

When Dr. Hsu revealed that his wife had been carrying about 100 Chinese dollars in her purse, the detective knew he was on the right track. No such purse had been found by the body or in the field.

Who would kill for such a sum? Obviously only a coolie, a vagrant or a rickshaw puller. As she was carrying money, however, Mrs. Hsu would



be unlikely to walk home and risk molestation by either of the first two. This left a rickshaw puller as the prime suspect.

Accordingly Detective Ling sent his men out among the city's 3000 rickshaw boys. They were directed to concentrate their inquiries on those who usually worked around the university, and to visit local bath-houses, noodle shops and tea rooms to see if any of them had been spending money freely or acting suspiciously.

All the countless stool-pigeons that the gendarmerie maintained in the district were canvassed for information, and a flood of reports started coming in. Each one had to be checked.

Here was a rickshaw puller who bought himself a new pair of sandals; another had taken a day off for no apparent reason; yet another had been seen leaving an exclusive geisha house.

All of them were brought in and asked to explain; all of them were able to do so satisfactorily.

Weeks went by before one of the investigators came across something promising. A restaurant proprietor revealed that one of his customers,

who ran a rickshaw up near the university, had been "treating" his friends rather freely.

The man's name was Liu Yung-hsing, and it was also found that he had been patronising an expensive bath-house and paying off a host of old debts.

His record, too, was against him. Twice previously he had been arrested for suspected murder and kidnapping, but on both occasions he had been released because of insufficient evidence.

"This looks likely," exclaimed Ling, when he heard the news. "Bring him in for questioning."

"I'm afraid we can't do that," his assistant replied. "No one has seen him for several days."

This convinced Ling that he had found the killer. A man did not desert his rickshaw and leave town for nothing.

An intensive man-hunt was started for Liu Yung-hsing, but it was some time before he was traced. Actually it is amazing that, amid China's teeming population, he was ever found at all.

But the gendarmerie's detection methods, in their way, are just as efficient as those of the Western world. Liu was trailed to the little village of Ishing, where he had spent his youth.

There he was living the life of a gay young man-about-town on what was left of poor Susan Waddell Hsu's 100 dollars.

Detectives disguised as coolies followed him around in an attempt to trap him into an unwitting confession, but the wily Liu apparently soon saw through the deception.

Early one morning he was discovered sneaking down to the railway station in an attempt to give these suspicious strangers the slip.

Realising further caution was useless, Ling's men immediately arrested him for the murder.

Vehemently he protested his innocence. "You are mistaken," he pleaded. "I am only a poor rickshaw boy."

A search revealed that he had been foolish enough to retain a pawn ticket for Mrs. Hsu's watch and ring which he had stolen along with her money.

That clinched the case. These items were recovered from the pawnshop and identified by Dr. Hsu as being his wife's property.

Liu's trial was short and to the point. Denial was just a waste of time.

On the morning of May 7, 1937, an officer roused the former rickshaw boy from his bed and led him out into the prison yard, where a firing squad speedily carried out the death sentence the court had decreed. ●

Riddle of

All day and every day Papa Gialitti sat on his balcony smoking and drinking. It seemed a useless life. Then, gradually, his secret leaked out.



IN 1926, when we were very young, my wife and I went to heaven, where I planned to write a book. Heaven, in our case, was the village of Isatti, in Italy—a day's carriage ride out of Florence.

It was a sunny place, and its friendly farm people all looked happy. As far as I was able to discover, they had no concern beyond the state of their grapevines. Politics? Mussolini? Nobody bothered about them, except to shrug when Il Duce was mentioned. For all its interest in the intrigues of the world, Isatti might have been on the moon. It was exactly the sort of retreat we wanted.

We took a room at the Pension Gialitti. It was surprisingly neat, but what really won us was the fact that Papa Gialitti, its picturesque old proprietor, could speak English. "I like English people very, very much," he said when we registered. To prove it, he sent flowers, grapes, and a bottle of wine to our room. My wife promptly fell in love with him.

"By the way," I said to him the first evening, when he came to our dinner table, "we'll have to cash travellers' cheques from time to time. And there's no bank in Isatti—"

"Me, I am your bank, *signor*," he said with a grin. He thumped a fist on his chest. "Papa Gialitti, Bank of Isatti." We let it go at that.

Our balcony looked out past a

grove of cypress trees toward the rolling green slopes of the Apennines. Of course, my wife insisted on putting our table on the balcony, and there, in warm sunshine, I worked on the book for four months—to the constant puzzlement, I was sure, of Papa Gialitti. He usually sat in the garden under our window, smoking a long curved pipe and watching me. I suppose he found it hard to believe anyone could have enough thoughts to fill so many sheets of paper.

But if I perplexed Papa Gialitti, he puzzled me, too. He never worked. Even the affairs of the pension were left wholly to two fat servants. He simply sat in the garden hour after hour, smoking, occasionally sipping a glass of wine, and contemplating the birds. If a friend passed, he lifted a hand and called: "*Buon giorno!*" That was his only exercise.

Maybe I should have guessed, from such idleness, that he was the richest man in the mountains, with no need to work. But that was before I knew about his money. To me he seemed just lazy, a devotee of *dolce far niente*.

He was about sixty—a big-boned figure with a craggy face and keen grey eyes. His thick hair was white, his eyebrows were coal-black, and the contrast gave him a ferocious, piratical look. But that was misleading. For Papa Gialitti was the gentlest of men, as peaceful as the Etruscan sunshine in which he loved to doze. He invariably wore baggy brown cor-

duroy trousers with a red sash about his waist, and sandals.

"If only I could paint!" my wife would sigh, looking at him from the window.

"Colorful," I said. "But I wonder what a man like that contributes to life." She couldn't answer that.

We came to know the old man quite well and discovered that he was very proud of his London background. "My papa," he told us in the garden one Sunday afternoon, "he live in Soho. Many year. When he is young man."

"Why," my wife said, "then you're practically half Cockney!"

He bowed in his chair as if she had paid him a priceless compliment. "*Grazie, signora.*" He straightened smiling.

"My papa come back to Italy with much English money. Oh, very, very much! Many thousand pound. He very rich man. Most rich man in Isatti." We looked impressed.

"He marry Italian girl," Papa Gialitti said. "Buy pension. Me, I am born here. American and English people come to the pension, so I learn English. Is good life." He leaned back, enjoying the memories. "Every year we travel—San Remo, Monte Carlo, Biarritz—oh, every place!" He chuckled. "Si, is very good life. Then, when I am young man, I go to live in Roma. Marry. Have children. Eighteen years ago my papa die. Leave me everything. So I come back to be *proprietario* of the pension."

He had been welcomed, we gathered, with all the deference due the scion of the Gialittis. To be the richest man in the village meant to be honored by all. That, according to his account, must have been the climax of his career, for since then not much seemed to have happened to Papa Gialitti. His own wife had died a dozen years ago, and his two

ISATTI

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

married daughters were comfortably established in Rome.

Now, content, with everything in order, he intended to live out his life right here in his garden, with a good pipe in one hand a glass of good wine in the other. It sounded idyllic, but I felt a bit cynical about the whole thing.

To me such an existence seemed dull, wasted and unproductive. The old man might have achieved peace. But it struck me as a negative do-nothing kind of peace.

And I didn't begin to realize the truth about Papa Gialitti for some time—not until my wife, browsing around the village, came back with some startling stories. "You know the big winery up on the hill?" she said. It was a low fieldstone building you could see from the village square. "Papa Gialitti made the town put it up. He backed it with his money. Years ago."

"Go on," I said.

"In the old days the folks around here used to sell their grapes to wine merchants in Florence. Papa Gialitti called a group of local people into his garden one day and urged them to build their own winery. He guaranteed to make up any loss out of his own pocket. So they built it, and it's been a profitable thing ever since."

"You make him sound," I said, "like the patron of the town."

"Oh, he is! Definitely. Later he got them to build new houses for the wine workers, too—guaranteed to pay the loss on the places if there was any. But there wasn't any loss. All the houses were taken at good prices. And another year he got some fellow to put up the village cinema—on the same basis of a guarantee against loss. Now Isatti has pictures twice a week, and everybody's happy about it, and the theatre pays very nicely."

Day after day my wife continued her inquiries. And it became clear, to my bewilderment, that I'd have to revise my estimate of the old man in the garden.

In the past few years, it seemed, Papa Gialitti had practically revived Isatti. Just sitting in the sun, talking to people, he had been responsible for the building of new stores, for laying the pipe-line that had brought a fresh supply of water out of the hills, for a dozen other improvements. Papa, it appeared, was willing to underwrite any project which promised to bring the people of Isatti prosperity and happiness. He had all but produced a new village.

I found myself looking at him with new respect. But it was our last night at the pension before we could get Papa Gialitti himself to talk about these things.

By that time we were good friends. Of all the guests who had come and gone, we had remained his favorites. He liked to visit our moonlit balcony in the evenings to share a bottle of wine with us, his big, red-sashed figure sprawling in a chair. Usually we spoke about our life in England. Tonight, however, I told him how deeply impressed we were with everything he had done for Isatti. He smiled at that, looking at his glass. Then he explained why he had done it.

He said, "When I become *proprietario* of the pension, is no business. Nobody comes to Isatti. I ask myself—who will fill big pension in Isatti if the village is not pretty? Who will come to dead town? So I tell my friends to build this and build

that. Make the village nice. I give my word to take care of losses. Everybody knows my word is good. So everybody build new things. Everybody is happy. We make good village. By and by plenty people come to see."

My respect grew stronger. Whatever his motives had been, Papa Gialitti had made himself the Bank of Isatti, the repository of all basic wealth, the ultimate guarantee of the town's financial integrity. What if he did spend his days dozing in the garden? The village itself, and its spirit, were a monument to his enterprise.

My wife said thoughtfully: "I wonder if these people know how much they owe you, Papa. After all, what you've done is make your wealth their wealth."

Papa Gialitti smiled at her across the top of his glass. He said: "Signora, tomorrow you go away. So I tell you something. My papa lose all his money in casinos at San Remo, Monte Carlo, Biarritz. He leave no money at all—only the pension. Me, I am never rich man. But as long as people in Isatti do not know this—as long they think I have much money in Florence banks—"

He shrugged. "What difference it make?"



Papa smiled, then explained why he had done it.

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By JAMES C. DUNN

**Buffalo Bill shot his first
deer when he was eight
and his first Indian at 11.**



WYOMING

BUFFALO BILL'S GUN

ON American Independence Day (July 4) this year, Buffalo Bill's trusty Winchester rifle was added to other relics of the famous scout and Indian fighter in the William F. Cody Museum at Cody, Wyoming.

Cody's rifle is a model 73 ("the rifle that won the West") which the legendary scout used for Indian fighting and hunting. It barked its way through many years of Cody's real life and through more than 900 Buffalo Bill stories.

The model 73 was presented to the Buffalo Bill Museum by its owner, Col. Walter Finney Siegmund, collector of firearms and an official of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

Still in perfect operating condition, the rifle has been used by Colonel Siegmund to hunt deer.

Mary Jester Allen, niece of Buffalo Bill and founder of the Museum, received the gift.

Two new features have been added to the historic rifle since it was last used by Colonel Cody. These are the autographs of two modern American heroes—Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz and Gen. Jonathan M. Winwright.

They signed their names on the rifle's walnut stock during a visit to Colonel Siegmund several years ago. Both found inspiration in Cody's life.

Buffalo Bill was inseparably linked with a rifle throughout his career as scout, buffalo hunter and showman.

It was fortunate that he was a contemporary of Oliver F. Winchester, a New Haven Shirt manufacturer who had staked his fortune on the success of the lever-action repeating rifle.

The first rifle of this type to bear the Winchester name appeared in 1866. Improved to fire heavier cartridges in 1873, it became standard equipment for use in the West.

The 1873 model was so successful that Colt chambered his famous six-shooter to use the same ammunition.

Once Cody saved his life with a model 73 rifle by pumping 11 fast shots into an enraged bear that charged him, from a distance of 30 feet.

With Cody's testimony, the model

73 became known as the Buffalo Bill Gun. Frederick Remington, the great Western artist and a good friend of Cody, frequently painted the scout with a model 73.

One of Remington's classics *Caught In The Circle*, shows Cody with this gun while cavalymen are repulsing circling Indians.

The Winchester Company made 720,610 of the model 73 Buffalo Bill rifles up to 1924, when the model was discontinued.

William Frederick Cody was born on February 26, 1846, near the town of Le Clair, Scott County, Iowa, and died on January 10, 1917, in Denver, Colorado, near which he now rests on a promontory of Lookout Mountain.

A live hero and a legend during 43 of the 71 years of his dramatic life, he shot his first deer at eight, his first Indian at 11. When only 14 he rode the dangerous Red Butte to Three Crossings run of the daring Pony Express.

A scout at 15, Buffalo Bill lived such a full and exciting life on the untamed plains of the West that by 23 he had become both a picturesque live hero and buffalo hunter.

He has appeared as a champion of law and order and upright living in more than 900 stories. ●



The W-bomb could disintegrate the world into gas.

THE

WORLD

DESTROYING

W-BOMB

By OUR SCIENCE WRITER

WHAT will follow the H-bomb, which, according to scientists, will be much worse than the devastating A-bomb? Will the next step be the W-bomb, which will provide the means to blow the earth to pieces?

It is possible. Similar atomic explosions occur on stars nearly every day. Sir James Jeans estimates that 40,000 million stars have been blown to pieces since creation.

Let us take a scene from a conference on the eve of the fourth World War. The conference is being held in an atom-bomb-proof room, half a mile below the earth's surface.

Those present are leading representatives of the Y nations, about to make war on the W's. President of the meeting addresses the technical chief of the Multiple Extension bomb project: "Are your bombs ready?"

"We've made one bomb," replies the scientist.

"One!" shouts the president angrily; then, recovering himself, "Of course! I understand. One of our new N multiple bombs, dropped on continent W, will wipe out all life. All over in a second, like exterminating a gigantic ants' nest, gentlemen!"

"But you won't drop it," says the scientist, grimly. "If dropped, this bomb will change the huge continent W to a tiny mass about 20 miles in diameter, millions of times heavier than any known element. This white hot mass will be drawn into the earth's core, exploding all atoms. The earth will disintegrate into gas."

"The bomb is circling over W on a guided missile 250 miles up, this minute," continues the scientist. "Shall I release it?"

Explosions in space

To that there's only one possible answer. The fourth World War will end before it's begun.

Strange and terrifying explosions, beginning in a few atoms and ending in the destruction of whole stars, occur in the depths of space. Astronomers are beginning to probe this realm with giant telescopes, using spectrographs, photometers, and wide-field photography. They are studying their recordings in the light of modern atomic theory.

The H-bomb, which USA and Russia are at present feverishly at-



tempting to manufacture, is not new to the billions of stars which constitute the universe.

Most stars keep up their light and heat by slow H-bomb explosions.

Young stars are hot enough to do this, because they run a constant temperature of millions of degrees.

To momentarily get this temperature on our earth, scientists must explode an A-bomb (uranium or plutonium), and so start off an H-bomb. But the star keeps this temperature up for thousands of years. As a baby it's just a vast ball of warm gas and unlike human babies, star babies shrink as they age. As they contract they heat up to the H-bomb stage.

Young stars explode heavy hydrogen or triple-heavy hydrogen (tritium), forming helium, just as our scientists propose to do. When they are older, stars use up lithium, beryllium and other light elements, exploding them to form helium, just as the alternative H-bomb plan in America proposes.

Young stars, having used up all their light elements, then use carbon and nitrogen to explode hydrogen. By this time the young stars have mellowed to medium size, like our sun.

Scientists, having created the H-

bomb, may use its heat to set off a super H-bomb, powered by carbon and nitrogen as stars do. This could be a disastrous step, leading to a chain action which would spread the explosion right round the earth.

After a star has exploded all its hydrogen, it begins to shrink. If it's unlucky its core becomes unstable, and it may either explode periodically, getting relief by hurling its outer envelope into space, or it may blow up as a whole, leaving a tiny, dense and extremely heavy core, not much bigger than a planet, in its place.

This study of stars' life histories reveals a series of atomic explosions of increasing intensity, right up to the complete explosion of a world, and indicates how to bring them about.

The necessary factor is increasing heat made by combining a known type of atom-explosive with the next higher up in the intensity scale.

Sun may blow up

The way to blow the earth into a mixture of white hot gas, X-rays, and radioactive fragments is now clear. It's the logical sequel to progressive types of atom-bombs.

Orderly progression from simple small-chain H-bombs to the complete explosion of a world is evident enough to astronomers. In our own galaxy (the aggregation of stars in which our earth is placed) fifteen stars blow up in a year. Our own sun may blow up some day. These are risks and perils any individual faces who lives on a planet in our universe.

When the first results obtained with the new giant Mt. Palomar telescope come to hand they are sure to reveal more and more stellar explosions as distant "island-universes" are sighted.

If statesmen were forced to study astronomy, they might lose their zeal for bigger and better H-bombs by contemplating the sequel of stellar bombs bursting in the Milky Way.

The sight of irascible little insects on a tiny planet building destructive machines to blow up that planet must be a grim joke to anyone who realises that this is just what mankind is doing.

The sequel to the H-bomb is the stellar-bomb, and the sequel to modern war is a chain-explosion of our earth.

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Donald O'Connor. Not the grave-digger type.

FILM STARS AREN'T ALTOGETHER SILLY

Movie stars used to be suckers for promoters of get-rich-quick schemes—but the current crop of celebrities has learned how to be canny.

EVERYBODY likes to leap aboard the winner's band-waggon. Just get yourself in the money via any business—but most of all through film acting — and you'll find the world's your pal.

Some of the folks will even let you in on a few rock-ribbed investments. Here, for instance, is one of the sure-fire gems offered to:

"Miss Yvonne De Carlo,

"Universal-International Studio,

"Dear Miss Carlo:

"I have a wonderful idea for manufacturing plastic mouse-traps. All I need is 5000 dollars to get going. If you'll kindly send me a money order or a cheque for that amount by return mail, I will give you 10 per cent of the business. Sincerely yours, &c., . . ."

This letter, bona fide and in the scrapbook of Yvonne de Carlo, is typical of the type of fan mail received regularly by all the important screen performers, whose wages are considered top-bracket. They come from all over the world. Some are cunning. Others are bold and demanding. But all have one purpose: to get a screen star to invest in get-rich-quick schemes.

There isn't a star in Hollywood who hasn't, at one time or another, received a form letter from an enterprising gentleman in Moline, Illinois, offering them a 50 per cent interest in his "up and coming" potato-chip factory for a small advance of 10,000 dollars, to take care of "improvements." Investigation showed that the fellow's fac-

tory was a tin shack on a river bank where he kept a sack of potatoes and a frying pan for a legitimate front. There is no record that anyone in Hollywood ever attempted to back him, but he was persistent for several years.

Tops on the Hollywood sucker list are Abbott and Costello. The two comedians are well known for their philanthropic work and ever since the wide publicity attending their quest for funds to keep a boy's home going, they've been besieged with crackpot requests for every possible type of charity. Many of them could be summed up as downright donations. Other operators have seized on Bud and Lou, too.

During the past year, Costello alone was asked to finance, respectively, a paper-clip concern in Cleveland, a device for the automatic peeling of bananas in Buffalo, a process for making men's clothing out of soya beans in Dallas, a redwood tombstone marker in St. Louis, and elevator hats and shoes for short men in Pittsburgh!

Grable gets offer

High on the list of stars who might be parted from their more or less hard-earned coin, if they weren't careful, is Betty Grable, who can't understand all the attention she's been winning from would-be promoters. Lately, maybe, she said, it could be due to the fact that she and her husband, Harry James, have been raising thoroughbred horses for racing purposes—and that anyone foolhardy enough to go into such a line might be easy bait for enterprises that would seem much more sound.

Only a few weeks ago, Miss Grable received a registered letter from a man in Cincinnati, who made her a flattering offer of a 50 per cent interest in a new method of embalming. The inventor admitted it hadn't actually been proved feasible but added his mother-in-law had agreed to let the stuff be tried on her when she passed on, explaining that this wouldn't be "too much longer."

Similar ghoulish note was struck in a letter received by Donald O'Connor from a chap in Portland, Oregon, who had a wishful plan to purchase some antiquated sewer-digging equipment and turn it into a mechanical grave-digger. "You never saw a poor undertaker, did you?" the writer asked. "Well, you'll never see a poor grave-digger, either, if you'll send me a little money for this venture."

Two dozen years ago, the sucker list in Hollywood was bled white. Many a child-like adult actor invested savings in completely ridiculous schemes. Business managers have gradually taken over to such a point that, today, if a star is parted from his coin it would be the income-tax man who dragged off the heaviest share. ●

YOU HAVE TO LEARN THE HA

Travers' last hope was to reach a phone before nine o'clock; too many others wanted to see he didn't.

By NIGEL CURLEWIS

MORAN leaned back in his office chair.

"Well, son," he said, "you have to learn the hard way. I told you six weeks ago, before you went away, to give that quarry up. Now, it's given you up."

Phil Travers ran his fingers through his hair in a weary gesture of defeat.

"I can't understand the magnesite cutting out so quickly."

"It's cut out, all right," said Moran. "Cut out dead—just like I told you it would. It's a damned lucky thing I've been able to sell the proposition to Farley. You're not getting much for it, I'll admit. But it's better than nothing."

Travers rose from his chair.

"Well, Ted," he said. "I can only thank you for looking after the business while I've been away. I'm sorry it's turned out this way—"

He started as the phone rang.

"That'll be your call to Wally Rayner," said Moran and handed him the receiver.

It was a bad line and only scraps of the conversation were intelligible.

"Listen," Travers finally shouted. "Listen to me. Shut—the—place—down. Today. Did you get that?"

"Yes, but—" The manager's voice faded right out. Travers replaced the receiver and sat silent.

"Well," said Moran, "I guess that's that."

The train showed on Travers' face. He looked at Moran.

"I'm going up there," he said, "to see the place for the last time."

"You can't," protested Moran. "You've got to sign the contract of sale tomorrow morning."

"I'll leave it with the solicitors," said Travers. "I'll sign my part today. The men'll stop work at lunch time and that will make the cessation of work clause right."

"Don't be a damned fool," Moran argued. "It'll only depress you." But he could not restrain Travers.

It was just before six when Travers entered the bar of the Calgong Hotel. He was tired and depressed after the two hundred-mile drive. The noise and the bustle rose as closing hour approached.

"Just like them Sydney pubs, Mr. Travers." The words were quietly spoken. Travers turned quickly. He grinned: Old Dan was well known around Calgong.

"Drink it up, Dan, and have another," said Travers, and ordered drinks.

"I've had a bit of a spell off work," said Dan self-consciously. "But I'll be going back tomorrow."

"I don't think you will, Dan—we closed it down today."

"You closed it down, Mr. Travers? Is that a fact?" Dan's voice was shocked. "'Course," he went on, "you know what y' doin'. And I know there's things goin' on what I ain't supposed to know about." He winked slyly at Travers and lowered his voice. "But with all that magnesite lying in behind that bit of clay on the northern face—and with all them holes ready to blast the clay down—"

A man staggered between them and knocked Travers' glass from his hand. He turned on Travers, snarling.

"Why don't y' be more careful, mug," he said thickly. His face was flushed and he lurched against Travers again.

"Come on—get out of it," said Travers impatiently. "I didn't touch you." He pushed the man away.

"Hit me, would you," the man shouted. "Y' bloody mug! I'll show you!"

He swung a punch and Travers ducked. It was all over in seconds.

The publican rushed up to Travers. "You all right, Mr. Travers? I'm sorry about that—"

"Don't worry, Thomo," Travers laughed. "Say, where's Dan?" he asked.

"Coupla fellers rushed him outside," someone said. "Old Dan's been in trouble with the police lately, for being drunk. They'll take him up where he stays."

Travers had dinner alone. He couldn't help thinking of Dan's remarks. "All them holes ready to blast the clay down—magnesite in the northern face—things I ain't supposed to know about." What the hell did all that mean?

He must see Dan and find out the rest. Travers hurried from the cafe and strode off towards Dan's boarding-house.

Dan was not at the boarding-house, and no one had seen him since midday. Travers walked back to the hotel and around to his garage.

He drove out of town and on to the road leading to the quarry. The quarry huts were the first habitation for fifteen miles.

His headlights picked up the stationary car as he swung down the bank of Brogan's Creek. It was parked right in the middle of the crossing and apparently stuck.

He stopped and two men rushed from behind a tree. Before he could



RD WAY

move, the car door was swung open and a pistol thrust against his neck.

"Keep looking ahead and move over," a man growled. The car in front moved off and they splashed through the creek in its wake.

Somebody shouted as they climbed the bank, and Travers caught a glimpse of a wobbling figure on a push-bike. For a second the headlights caught the white face of a lad as he frantically veered off of their path. It was Athol Reiton — his father worked at the quarry.

They roared up the bank and swerved into an old unused track which curved up the steep ridge. They stopped before the crest. Travers was led for several yards and pushed through the door of an old bark hut. It was pitch black and he stood still.

"You all right, Mr. Travers?" The whispered question startled him.

"Yes. Who's that?" he whispered back.

"Dan. They brought me up in the car in front of you."

"Dan! What's going on?" Travers snapped.

"I dunno, Mr. Travers—not about these blokes."

"Well, what do you know about something funny going on at the quarry?" Travers asked.

"Aw, well, Mr. Travers—I been working there a long time," the old man said, "and I know that magnesite's there on the northern face. We was almost to it about six weeks ago, and then Mr. Rayner put us on to the eastern face. There ain't



"We closed down today," said Travers.

no stone there." Dan nodded contemptuously.

"You say about six weeks ago?" said Travers.

"Yeah," said Dan, "just after Mr. Farley come up here."

"Yes?" said Travers. "And when were the blasting-holes bored?"

"Just after," said Dan. "Johnny did 'em one Sunday afternoon—when everyone else was at the cricket. Everyone 'cept me."

"Johnny's not with us now, is he?" Travers asked.

"No," said Dan. "He went to Queensland after that. I couldn't make it out—but it weren't none of my business, so I didn't worry."

Travers thought back on the last few weeks. He had been away looking for other magnesite deposits, and Moran had been looking after the Sydney end for him. Rayner and Farley knew of the northern face

and had even bored blasting-holes ready to shoot the clay down. So far as they knew, no one but Johnny had any knowledge of these holes; he had gone to Queensland. Then Farley had offered to buy the place and Moran had recommended it.

The quarry closed down at mid-day today, which gave the necessary stoppage of work to comply with the leasehold conditions. The contract would be completed at nine in the morning.

Everything would have worked like clockwork; but that he had decided to come up here. That had ruined everything. But having plunged so far, Farley and Rayner had evidently decided to go the rest of the way. And he had helped them by coming out along this track tonight. He apparently had been shadowed from the time he had arrived, and when Dan was seen talking to him the drunken interruption had been staged. Dan had been removed, and when he had become too curious he had also been taken care of.

"They mean business," he muttered grimly. And all they had to do was to hold him till nine in the morning, when these chaps would clear out, leaving him and Dan in the hut. Nobody could identify them with Farley or Rayner.

Travers fretted and cursed as the hours passed. Then Travers started. Outside men were shouting.

"Stand where you are!" an authoritative voice said. The door swung open. In the entrance stood a police sergeant.

"Well, what's been going on?" said the sergeant.

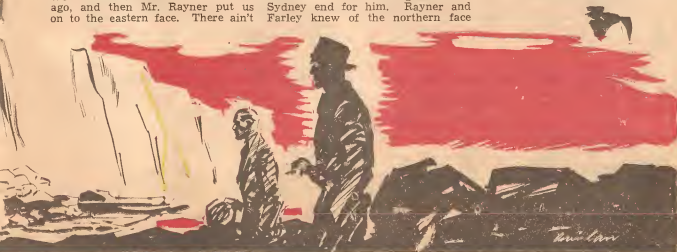
"We've been kidnapped, sergeant," Travers said, "By these blokes outside. I don't know how you knew we were here but I must get to a phone quickly."

The sergeant answered: "Young Athol Reiton was down by the creek when you were held up. He told us this morning. We came straight out."

"And I'm damned glad you did," said Travers heartily. "Now if you don't mind, sergeant, I've got to get to a phone."

The nearest phone was in a cottage close to the quarry. He glanced at his watch. It was ten past nine.

(Continued on Page 18)



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You have to learn the hard way

(Continued from previous page).

"Simpson speaking." The solicitor's voice was clear, precise.

"Mr. Simpson, has Farley been in yet?"

"He's just left, Mr. Travers. Not a minute ago. He signed the contract and took his copy with him."

Travers swore, "Listen," he said urgently. "If I put men on this morning to work the quarry, would that make any difference to the contract?"

The solicitor paused. "No, Mr. Travers. It wouldn't. You see, the men were put off yesterday at lunch time. And that means work definitely ceased. The men would have to be still working to nullify the contract of sale."

Travers hung up and walked out of the house. Dan joined him at the gate and they drove to the quarry.

Rayner met them as they turned into the track leading to the quarry outlet.

"I didn't expect to see you so early," he said.

Travers said deliberately, "You and your friend Farley didn't expect me for some time, did you?"

"My friend Farley?" The surprise in Wally Rayner's question could have been genuine. "He's no friend of mine." His eyes "looked straight into Travers'." "I can't understand why you're in partnership with his voice. A tinge of hostility edged his voice. "Me?" In partnership with Farley?" Travers said. "Where did you hear that?"

"When Moran came up here about six weeks ago he told me to put the holes in the clay, but not to shoot them. He told me he was buying Farley out, and that officially you didn't want to know anything about the northern face. I didn't like the sound of that very much, either."

"But I've only met Farley once," said Travers levelly. "And I've never been in partnership with him. Farley's buying me out."

Rayner looked away for a moment. Then he turned back.

"Listen," he said. "I don't know what you're doing in this. But I do happen to know that Moran is buying an interest in this quarry. He's got the money here in the bank. I deal at the same bank, and it's a small place. Whether Farley is buying or selling I don't know."

"He's certainly not selling," said Travers. "I'm selling."

"Well, there you are." Rayner gestured with his hands. "Moran's buying, Farley's buying—you're selling."

Travers stared in front of him. "Moran's buying!" he muttered. "By God! The—"

"It might be a good idea to call it off until it gets a bit clearer," suggested Rayner.

"A bit clearer?" Travers repeated bitterly. "It's only too clear, Wally—"

A dull boom sounded from the quarry, Travers looked up sharply.

"What the hell's that?" he snapped.

"Popping a bit of stone that came down with the clay," Rayner answered. "Come and have a look at it." They walked quickly to the edge of the quarry and looked down.

A full gang of men was removing hundreds of tons of clay that had spilled in untidy profusion over the quarry floor. At the northern end a solid face of magnesite gleamed white in the sunlight.

"Wally! These men—" Travers' voice was unsteady. "What are they doing? When did they start?"

"Start?" said Rayner, perplexed. "They never stopped."

"But I told you to stop yesterday," said Travers. "I told you to shut the place down."

"You told me, what?" asked Rayner.

"I told you to shut the place down."

Rayner looked sheepish. "My God!" he said. "I don't know how it's going to affect things—I thought you said 'shoot the face down.'"

Travers' laugh had almost a tinge of hysteria as they walked to Rayner's cottage to ring up Sydney. ●



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World's News Review

Lord over-ruled by Reds

THE Soviet-controlled Berlin radio has banned a hymn entitled *If the Lord wills it, there will be Peace Forever*, reports *Die Welt* of Hamburg. The tune is sung by Swedish movie star Zarah Leander in the motion picture *Gabriela*. Asked for an explanation of the ban, a spokesman declared: "We decide when there is to be peace."

Swift

ONE-TENTH of a trillionth of a second has been measured by Atomic Energy Commission scientists. It is the lifetime of the neutral meson, one of the particles which "glue" together the nucleus of the atom. It is the time required for light—which moves at approximately 186,000 miles a second—to travel one-thousandth of an inch. The neutral meson thus becomes a clock for the mysterious realm of atomdom, where all speeds and dimensions are of a far different order than those of the visible universe. By a delicate arrangement, Dr. Herbert York, of the Commission's Radiation Laboratory at the University of California, was able to determine the lifetime of the meson from which the particles came. The time interval is far briefer than it has hitherto been imagined that anything could happen on earth.

REVENGE

It is usual in France to tip the usher who shows you to a seat in the movies, so when one such young lady lingered unpaid beside the seat of an apparently non-tipping patron at a mystery thriller in Paris recently, she was justly enraged. Her revenge was appropriate. She bent toward the patron, already engrossed in the mystery, and whispered: "The head-waiter is the murderer."

Russia makes the rules

AN American news columnist, commenting on Russian activities, said: "How can you play ball with a fellow who won't play unless he makes the rules as he goes along?"

Soul mate wanted

A LOVELORN medical student of Lyon, France, has found a new way to search for a soul mate. The young man jots passionate annotations on 10-franc notes (worth about a penny), and then returns them to circulation. "O thou, my hope, do not fail me," one reads. "Alone, young, discharged from the Army, I don't know anyone to whom to confide my emotions. Beautiful girl, if you have the least bit of heart, write to Maurice Codet, Etudiant en Médecine, Maison des Etudiants, 6 Rue J. Koehler, Lyon."

World's oldest arsenal

WHAT is probably the world's oldest arms factory has been uncovered at Djursland, in the Jutland Peninsula of Denmark, by Professor Glob, of Aarhus University. Northern Europe's largest Stone Age arms plant bustled with Neolithic war workers manufacturing polished stone axes, arrowheads and war clubs. These last were of oak with a stone at the business end. At one time this "factory" was supplying arms to a large part of Scandinavia, says Professor Glob.

Crooks with tin-openers

CAR-BREAKING is now a major criminal industry in the USA. One-third of all thefts are from parked cars. The police are teaching motorists how to protect their cars from "crooks with tin-openers."

Civilisation

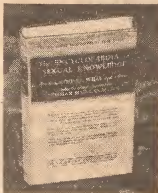
DR. WYSS-DUNANT, who has just returned to Switzerland after an expedition to the Himalayas, said of effects of civilisation on the human race: "It was a curious fact that in the villages we came to, the less cultured and more primitive the inhabitants, the greater was their hospitality."

Crime films popular

A TABULATION of crimes committed on movie screens in a French city over a recent period showed that in 400 crime films there had been 310 murders, 104 hold-ups, 74 cases of blackmail, 43 instances of arson, 182 different perjuries, 192 cases of adultery by women and 213 cases by men, and 643 disloyalties. It was also noted that such pictures are becoming increasingly popular.

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Faced with imminent death, the passengers on Flight 54 started to think things over very quickly.



Plane Crash

By JOCK CARROLL

THE thought of approaching death came as a distinct shock to the passengers on Flight 54. The plane was only about ten minutes flying time from the Sydney terminal when the cabin suddenly became unbearably hot.

The stewardess went forward into the pilot's compartment and asked him to shut off the cabin heater. This had no effect.

Next, a thin, acrid smoke began to swirl about the passengers' heads. Then those passengers seated on the left aisle saw the first tiny flames flickering from the trailing edge of the left wing. A fire had broken out near the air intake scoop of the cabin heater.

Faced with the thought that they were about to die, four of the passengers on Flight 54 realised they had been behaving like fools. Among these was a young, married couple sitting abaft the left wing. The husband had just discovered that his wife had lied to him about a man in her past.

His face was cold. "It isn't the thing itself that's important," he said. "It's lying to me about it. I feel as if I had been walking on quicksand."

His wife chewed at her lip. Partly she hadn't told her husband about the affair because he knew and disliked the man in question, and she had been afraid of losing his love. And partly because she had been a complete fool in the affair. Still it had been wrong to lie. The feeling of being wrong began to translate itself into anger.

She said: "All right then. You don't want to be married to a woman you can't trust."

At that moment the stewardess told them to fasten their safety-belts, and they saw the flames in the wing. She had trouble fastening her belt and her husband leaned forward and helped her. Instinctively, they held hands and huddled close together, the quarrel forgotten.

The seat behind them was occupied by Masterson, the industrialist. Since boarding the plane, Masterson had been working on a briefcase full of reports and graphs, at the same concentrated pace he maintained for 16 hours of the day. On the calculation in which he was involved depended a million pound investment for himself and his associates.

Of all the passengers, Masterson,

because he had the quickest mind in matters of self-interest, probably realised first that they had little chance of coming out alive. At first the sight of the flames, because they represented a situation beyond his control, angered him.

A picture of his one thousand-acre station flashed into his mind and it was this that forced him into seeing that he had been living the life of a fool. He had been intending to retire to the farm for the past ten years. He had more money now than he could spend. In his youth he had wanted money as a means to an end. Always in his mind there had been the unanswered questions of life he would get around to thinking about.

But he had been caught up in a mixture of things. Of insecurity, of competitive urges, of habit. If he came through this alive, Masterson promised himself, he would retire.

The plane yawed abruptly as the left engine died.

EDWARD
SHELLEY



In another seat, Slade, the forty-year-old radio producer, was busy with his own thoughts. Slade was a man of good looks, wit and great personal charm, all of which he used without conscience.

If my life now passes in front of my eyes, thought Slade humorously, it will at least be a pleasant spectacle. "Through this mind," he paraphrased, "pass some of the most beautiful girls in Australia." However, none of these lovely creatures did appear in his mind. Not even the attractive young radio actress who would at this moment be driving to the Sydney airport to meet him.

Instead, Slade thought of his wife. She must, he realised, be in love with him very much. Because, being much more intelligent than any other woman he knew, she must know of the Don Juan figure he tried to cut, and yet she stayed with him. This knowledge pained Slade, because it

was at odds with the sophisticated aura he tried, successfully most of the time, to surround life with.

Her love became suddenly important to Slade. In fact the only thing of importance in a rather pathetic existence. He took an envelope from his pocket and began, rapidly, to write a note to his wife. He would put it inside his gold cigarette case. And if they crashed and burned the note might still survive.

Death stayed with the plane for another seven minutes. During that time the flames on the wing flickered out, although the cabin remained as hot. The lights of the airport appeared, and the plane headed right for the landing-strip without preliminary circuit.

The plane touched down perfectly and before it had finished rolling, a crash truck was alongside, spraying a fog-like mixture into the blackened hole in the left wing. Still explosion-conscious, the passengers dropped quickly from the door into the arms of crash-truck attendants. In a few minutes they were in another world, that of the brightly lighted, bustling airport lounge.

They waited for their luggage to be brought in. Before it arrived the young, married couple had resumed their quarrel. The husband asked: "How many other people know about you and him?"

His wife removed her hand from his arm. "I don't want to talk about it."

Her husband's voice became ugly. "Well, I do!"

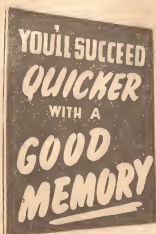
Across the airport lounge Master-

It was a little world in the sky
—a world about to crash.

son began to fret about the papers he had spilled on the plane floor. Some cold might throw them away, not realising their importance. His mind began to race over the various aspects of the investment. Already, the thought of retirement had faded to a comfortable distance in his mind. He was too young yet, to think about it.

Slade, the radio producer, looked up and saw the actress he was meeting coming in the door. His shoulders went back a little, his blood quickened. As he snapped open his gold cigarette case, he found the note he had scribbled in the plane. He crumpled the note and dropped in a waste-basket as he went forward to meet the girl, his mind searching for the correct hilarious words in which to clothe the incident of the burning wing. ●

● NOTE: All characters and incidents in this story are imaginary and if any name used be that of a living person such use is due to inadvertence and is not intended to refer to such person.



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AUSTRALIANA

'Baccy juice—dingo cure

SOME years ago while in the bush on the North Coast, NSW, one of my two dogs was badly mauled by a pack of hungry dingoes. There was no treatment available and the poor animal died from blood poisoning in a few days.

Later, my other dog was more severely mauled by another ferocious pack. When my companion and I arrived on the scene the six dingoes decamped, leaving the dog bleeding profusely. We treated the wounds with tobacco juice—the only treatment available, and the dog, whose death seemed certain, completely recovered in a week or so. Has any reader heard of similar treatment proving effective?—J.M.F. (NSW).

* * *

Fish lures

AFTER reading that fish cannot distinguish colors, and that the many colored flies and fish sold in our sports' stores were more to catch the eye of the angler than that of the fish, argument has waxed strong in our district. Most seasoned anglers reckon the report is a lot of eyewash. One trout fisherman, after fruitless hours with brightly-colored flies and spinners, in sheer desperation used a piece of magpie's feather on the hook and soon landed quite a few rainbow trout.—M.M. (Vic.).

* * *

Southpaw shells

SANDY is incorrect in stating the swirl on shellfish casing only goes to the right (WN, 8/7/50). There are two definite types, right-handed being known to collectors as dextral, left-handed as sinistral forms. Jules Verne's Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea first opened my eyes to the sinistral forms' existence, and soon afterwards I found my first specimen at Kiama, NSW. The second was on the lovely three-mile beach at Emu Park, Queensland. The Great Barrier Reef yielded two cowries and a whelk, but my greatest surprise was the finding of a sinistral among a catch of garden snails. I was amazed when told no less than 15 species of land snails of sinistral forms had been found in England and that this form is more usual in land shells than marine ones.—Leftee (NSW).

PIRATES WARNED

ORIGINAL paragraphs published in "Australiana" are paid for at the usual rates.

Persons "lifting" paragraphs from living authors' works on Australiana will, if detected, be disqualified for all time from contributing to any section of "World's News"—Ed.

Photograph by lightning?

CAN lightning produce a photograph on a window-pane? Many who have seen a window at Parramatta Gaol, NSW, point to it as proof, but although I have carefully examined the pane I still have an open mind on the subject. The face is there on the glass, as though drawn with a finger dipped in oil. The profile shows clearly: bulging eyebrows, big nose, open mouth, and pointed beard, like a slightly caricatured drawing of an aborigine. As the story goes, a prisoner died and was laid-out in the morgue. During the night there was a terrific electrical storm. Next morning the etching on the glass was noticed for the first time. Several bluish smudges near the corner of the pane are said to be swabs that lay on the slab. But when more definite details are sought, discrepancies creep in: One warder told me the dead man was an aborigine, another declared he was an Arab. One said the night of the storm was "about 20-odd years ago," but the other officer maintained he had been on the staff of the gaol for 20 years, and the incident had occurred 20 years before he came. Another warder scoffed at the whole idea: "Some freak in the making of the glass," he declared, "all the rest comes from imagination."—B.A.K. (NSW).

* * *

Seagulls return to work

SEAGULLS on the Brisbane River have been living a life of luxury, with their meals served up to them, but this is all changed since a rock-drilling dredge belonging to the Marine Board was burnt recently. The gulls live down the river near the Boat Passage; when they heard the machinery start they would circle around the dredge till the underwater blasting sent up dead or dazed fish. Since the dredge stopped the gulls have had to start work for themselves.—W.R.F. (Q).

* * *

A "permanent" nest

GROUND larks build their nests in strange places at times. Recently I found one in a treacle tin in the middle of a cultivation paddock, while another was in a broken-necked beer bottle. There were plenty really suitable places in the vicinity for the birds to build. Magpies have a reputation for building their nests of wire, often causing interference with telephone lines, but in a little South Coast (NSW) town some lads found a magpie's nest built almost entirely of bobby-pins, hairpins and those curlers used in women's hairdressing. The nest was in a tree 50 yards from a ladies' hairdressing saloon. A peewit's nest was once found in the pocket of an overcoat dressing a scarecrow.—A.T. (NSW).



BITS about BIRDS



Bul-bul—murderer

THE Bul-bul—thief and murderer, too?

I found a silver-eye's nest, with four blue eggs in it, in a prunus tree. Some days later, noticing a silver-eye with food in its beak being chased about by a bul-bul I went to look at the nest; there were 4 newly-hatched chicks in it, and the nest was torn at the bottom—most unusual, this, as the silver-eye's nest is always so neat and trim.

Next day the nest was badly torn, parent bird was perched on it, cowering, and on the edge, leaning over her a bul-bul. It's crest was not upright as usual, but lying back horizontally and this gave it an unpleasant bird-of-prey look. I chased it off, but later investigation showed no nest—no parents—and the unfortunate chicks were squirming on the ground.

Can anyone explain this behaviour or say if it is usual? We have our fruit-eaten, cabbages and cauliflowers torn to ribbons, red flowers destroyed, but this is a new development to me.—Max (NSW).

Wedge-tails

IF contributors who praise the wedge-tailed eagle write with sincerity, the only solution I can figure is that the behaviour varies in different localities. Having spent the best part of 20 years in wool-growing districts of western Queensland, I can say that the wedge-tail is definitely a pest throughout that part of the State.

A.T. states (WN, 18/3/50) that for every lamb taken there are hundreds of rabbits killed by the same bird. What about districts where there never were and never will be any rabbits? North of the Darling Downs in Q'land rabbits are unknown. There the diet of the wedge-tails is lamb during the lambing season, and lizard or carrion when lamb is off the menu. I have examined dozens of their nests and during the lambing season found every one littered with the remains of young lambs.

Eaglehawks (as they are called in western Q'ld.) prefer timbered country—they generally steer clear of open plains where a rifleman could draw a bead on them from several hundred yards. They are wary birds and, except in the case of a mother reluctant to

leave young ones in the nest, prove difficult game for a rifleman.

Although they do kill hundreds of lambs they prefer dead meat; a fault which generally proves their downfall. Although a kangaroo carcass might be stuffed full of strychnine they don't seem to be able to resist the temptation to gorge themselves to the limit. Best bag I have heard of is 13 from one poisoned carcass.

A.T. quotes the eaglehawk as a noble native bird which is unjustly victimised. This opinion might be all right coming from a naturalist, but it would sound ridiculous to a western Queensland grazier with a flock of lambing ewes. —Kurrindi (NT).

Fencing match

WATCHED a big wedge-tailed eagle trying to capture a hare which was in the middle of a paddock when the eagle swooped down at him, but the hare turned quickly and eluded the first attack. Several times it seemed as if the hare was doomed, but he managed to get to a wire fence. The hare ran along the fence, dodging from one side to the other, while the eagle flew overhead but made no attempt to attack—knowing that to swoop meant to risk breaking its neck on the wires. —Eureka (NSW).

Pet wild birds

SOME years ago a Peewit or Lapwing used to visit us every afternoon at about 4 o'clock. We threw small pieces of chopped meat to him and gradually he became so tame he would eat from our hands. For a time he disappeared, but in the early summer Percy came home once more—and with him were his progeny and Mrs. Percy.

Percy sat on my hand, took a piece of meat, and flew back to the family on the fence. After popping the meat in and out of the youngster's hungry mouths he swallowed it himself. He did this several times, refusing to feed them and coaxing them to come to my hand. Father and mother fed well but the youngsters were too shy that day. However, it was not long before the whole family joined in the daily visit. —Bydand (NSW).

REPTILIAN HYPNOSIS

I AGREE with Talipot (WN, 8/7/50) that some snakes, if not all, have the power of hypnosis. Many years ago, in the Richmond River district, NSW, our fowls roosted in two mulberry trees in our orchard. One evening I heard a peculiar croaking sound coming from the branches, and saw one of the fowls swaying and flapping its wings, its neck stretched

toward the ground. I thought the bird was suffering from sunstroke, but on investigation discovered a huge carpet snake about 14 feet from the foot of the tree. Its head was uplifted, and its gaze directed at the fowl above. I got my gun, watched until the bird was about to fall, then shot the reptile. After a few moments the fowl was quite content.—R.E.M. (NSW).

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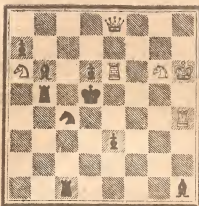
U.S. Championship, 1947
French Defence

PROBLEM No. 479

By J. C. J. Wainwright

Black, 9 pieces.

- White: 1. Kashdan 2. P-K4 3. P-Q4 4. B-K5 5. Kt x P 6. Kt x Kt ch 7. Kt-B3 8. B-R4 9. B-Q3 10. Q-K2 (b) 11. Castles K.R. 12. P-B4 13. P x P 14. P-QR3 15. Kt-K5 (d) 16. QR-Q1 17. B-K4 18. R x R 19. Kt-B6 20. R x R 21. P-QKt4 (h) 22. P x P 23. B-K5 24. B x P 25. B-Q5 (i) 26. Kt x B ch 27. Q x Q 28. B-Q6 29. P-B5.
- Black: 1. P-K3 2. P-Q4 3. Kt-KB3 4. P x P (a) 5. QKt-Q2 6. Kt x Kt 7. P-KR3 8. B-K2 9. Castles 10. Q-Q47 (e) 11. P-B4 12. Q-R4 13. Q x P 14. P-QR4 15. R-Q2 16. P-QKt3 (e) 17. R x R (f) 18. R-R2 (g) 19. R-Q2 20. B x R 21. P x P 22. Q-Q4 23. P-K4 24. Q-K3 25. Q-Kt5 26. Kt x Q 27. Kt x Q 28. K-Kt Black resigned.



White, 6 pieces.

White to play and mate in two.
Solution on Page 27.

NOTES

(By the winner)

- (a) Strong. White control of the centre. Black B-K2 or 4... B-Kt5 is preferable. (b) Stronger than 10. Castles, when Black

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VOLTAGE: A. G. (Townsville, Qld.): The Sydney County Council informed us that, apart from the expense involved, they thought it would be almost impossible, and certainly impracticable, to fit any electrical appliance to operate from a 6 volt battery. The lowest practical voltage they would recommend would be a 22 volt home lighting set.

JUNGLE BOOTS. TO WATERPROOF: T. W. (Dandenong, Vic.): We were told by a canvas firm in Sydney that it would be impossible to waterproof canvas without using an oily or wax ingredient. This softens the canvas and prevents it from becoming stiff and hard. To waterproof the tops of your rubber jungle boots, chip about 1lb of beeswax and add to 1 quart of pure turpentine (not mineral). Stand in another vessel of boiling water until the wax dissolves. Apply while still hot, rubbing well in with pads of old cotton. Do not use a brush. Specially prepared waterproof preparations, if preferred, are available from most canvas suppliers.

CERTIFICATES: N. M. (Casino, NSW): The two addresses you requested are as follows: The Registrar-General's Department, Treasury Building, Brisbane, B.7. Queensland; and The Registrar-General, Somerset House, London, England. If all details are known and no certificate is required, the cost of the Australian certificate would be 2/-, and the English one, 5/1d (sterling), both plus postage.

SHELLEY: G. M. G. (Wentworth Falls, NSW): Queen Mab was written by Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is true that Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spezia by the capsizing of a boat in a storm, in July, 1822. His ashes were buried in a Protestant cemetery at Rome.

UNCLAIMED MONEY IN BANKS: V. G. (Gympie, Qld.): As far as we know there is no central authority to which you could apply. If you have reason to believe yourself the lawful claimant to any of these "dead" accounts, we suggest you ask your solicitor to instruct an English solicitor to make inquiries. Alternatively, you could instruct an English solicitor direct. You would, of course, have to be able to supply some reliable information on which he could work.

COINS

G. T. (Port Vernon, Qld.): Your coins are as follows: Imitation brass not gold of an English half sovereign. These pieces have no value whatever to a collector. They were in packets of sweets many years ago. Switzerland, 10 cents piece, is valued at 3d.

A. S. (Tamworth, NSW): The coin you mention is worth about the bank value of the English sovereign which is 23/12d. Therefore the price of gold rose to its present value, it was worth about 18/6.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS, AUGUST 12, 1950

World's News Crossword Puzzle — Non-Competitive

CLUES TO THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

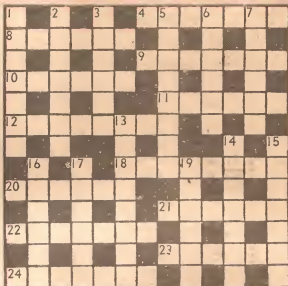
ACROSS

4. Shy.
8. Enchanted.
9. Cruel.
10. Violin.
11. Countless.
12. Settlement.
18. Dear.
20. Continuation
21. Blunder.
22. Top.
23. Pugilistic.
24. Full.

DOWN

1. Treachery.
2. Grow.
3. Drops.
5. Declare.
6. Frequents.
7. Incapable.
13. Implied.
14. Gaiety.
15. Bird.
16. Report.
17. Accomplish
19. Indian porter.

A new puzzle will be published each week and each fifth problem will be competitive in the usual form.



SOLUTION TO COMPETITION

No. 284

ACROSS

3. Manor.
7. Stanza.
8. Elan.
9. Steam.
10. Honest.
12. Into.
14. Lay.
15. Accessory.
18. Education.
21. Err.
22. Afar.
23. Novels.
25. Lilac.
26. Mete.
28. Excuse.
30. Wield.

DOWN

1. Otto.
2. Once.
3. Masticate.
4. Nee.
5. Remiss.
6. Factor.
10. Halve.
11. Noyau.
13. Denounced.
16. Obese.
17. Yarns.
19. Duffer.
20. Curlew.
24. Vice.
25. Lash.
27. Lie.

COMPETITION

No. 285 APPEARED ON AUGUST 5, 1950

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Brock, J., Dockyard, Glanville, SA.

Burke, Master Paddy, 46 Nelson St., Gordon, NSW.

Chambers, B., Duke of Cornwall Hotel, Kalgoorlie, WA.

Green, Mrs. N., 34 Mary St., Launceston.

Henderson, Mrs. R., 7 Haldane St., Asquith, NSW.

Holley, Mrs. J. R., 14 Hammond Rd., Claremont, WA.

Holmes, Mrs. R., 10 Waverley St., Essendon, Vic.

King, Mrs. H., 8 Buxton St., Elsternwick, S.4, Vic.

McNamara, R. J., 18 Planthurst Rd., Allawah, NSW.

Muller, Francis, Post Office, Yuleba, W. Line, Qld.

Napier, D. H., 27 Second Ave., Claremont, WA.

Pashen, Mrs. H. E., 71 Stafford Rd., Kedron, N.3, Qld.

Williams, D., 60 Stanley St., Richmond, E.1, Vic.

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Dickson, Miss K., Police Station, Chinchilla, Qld.

Fisher, A. H., 101 Sydney St., Glenunga, SA.

Fisk, J., Mt. Burr, SA.

Gillies, D. D., 53 Bendooley St., Bowral, NSW.

Gore, Mrs. E. A., 15 Spicer St., Woollahra, NSW.

Haydon, Mrs., 42 Hambleton, St., Albert Park, Vic.

Kenny, Mrs. J., 133 First Ave., Bassendean, WA.

McGrady, Miss C., Room 5, The Block, Little Malop St., Geelong, Vic.

Mack, M., Amberley, Qld.

Lane, Mrs. D., 62 Flood St., Leichhardt, NSW.

Moody, Mrs. N. E., 26 Hamilton St., Subiaco, WA.

Parratt, Nurse, Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne, Vic.

Shepperd, Miss J., 294 Elizabeth St., Hobart, Tas.

Smith, Mrs. Dorothy, P.O. Box 5, Mt. Morgan, Qld.

Stevenson, R., 1 Grant St., Redcliffe, Qld.

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Do You Know THIS?

According to experts, the first fabric used by primitive man to clothe himself was wool made from the pelts of animals. Next came cotton, which was used by the ancient Egyptians and the Hindus. Silk, which the Chinese claim dates from 2650 BC, was the third textile to be developed, and linen came many centuries later.

Henry Carey is believed to be the author of the British National Anthem, God Save our Gracious King, composed about the year 1743.

The word "jouk" was an old English name for a disreputable drinking place. It was applied in the US during Prohibition days to speak-easies, which became known as "jouk" or "juke joints." Later, the automatic phonograph was known as a "juke box." But manufacturers are trying to alter the name because of its unsavory origin.

The force of gravity on Jupiter is so much greater than on our own planet, that if we lived there our skeletons would have to be much stronger to support the greatly-increased weight which we would then possess. Conversely, if the earth were only the size of the moon, we could manage with far less expenditure of material in the form of bone and sinew, and should be spindly creatures.

Accidents cause the highest percentage of deaths in children from the ages of three to ten in the US. Respiratory diseases hold second place.

Giant kelps of the California coast are the largest in the world. Eel kelp, sea-otter's cabbage and iodine kelp have forest tree dimensions. Forty and sixty feet deep, they are rooted by suckers and their stems may grow to three hundred feet.

Goldfish eat their young, and if left to their own resources few would survive. Youngsters bred in wild hide among weeds, and do not emerge until they are big enough to cope with their parents' cannibalism.

City-weary American dogs may spend their winter holidays at a genuine canine dude ranch in Palm Springs, Florida; their summer vacation at Big Bear Lake! Each holiday-maker has his own corral and bunkhouse, wears a bandanna, hunts squirrels and chipmunks. Letters are sent regularly to the dog's family to report his progress. Each ranch has a staff of 15, and there are 20 acres.

The edible oyster is not able to produce pearls of commercial value. The inedible pearl oyster is the only oyster that bears pearls of gem quality.

In sun stroke or heat stroke, the body temperature rises because heat is absorbed faster than it can be eliminated.

Recently a large herd of elephants on Mount Kenya, South Africa, became so dangerous from repeated hunting that white men could not go near them. Yet, natives living nearby were never molested. The elephants knew the difference in odor between the harmless Negroes and the white men.

The female halibut weighs ten times as much as her mate.

Agoraphobia is the fear or dread of open spaces. James Pryde, once famous British artist, suffered to such an extent that he could not cross an open field. He felt secure only in streets, narrower the better.

So far as science has been able to discover, there are no two objects in the world exactly alike, no matter whether they are natural or artificial. No two leaves or snowflakes, no two objects manufactured by man, are exactly alike. Scientists believe that even each infinitesimal atom composing the elements differs from all the rest.

In Brazil an official recording birth may refuse to register a child's Christian name if he considers it ridiculous. When a child is old enough to object to his given name, he is allowed to change it.

Savage leopard men of the Belgian Congo make cuts on dead victims' bodies with an iron instrument to give the impression that the victim was mauled by a leopard.

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Key. R-B5. Threat. Q-QR8 mate.
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If 1... B-B4; 2. Kt-B7 mate.
If 1... B-elsewhere; 2. Q x R mate.
If 1... Kt-Q4; 2. Kt-K7 mate.
If 1... Kt-elsewhere; 2. R-B5 mate.
If 1... R-B4; 2. Kt-K4 mate.
If 1... B-K5; 2. Q x B mate.

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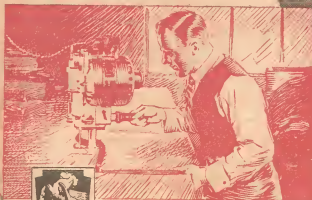
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